

*The People of Alor*

X 157 husband has thick swollen lips and he is very black. I don't want to be married to him." (Mangma was thin-lipped and light in color.) After she was pregnant, she didn't give me anything any more.

I was back here for maybe five years before I married. After I came back here, that woman from Awasi would run to her mother's and father's house whenever her husband wanted to sleep with her. If her husband was along when we met to trade, she would look at me sideways out of her eyes and show me where we should meet. Then we would slip off and sit together. She would have kanari nuts hidden for me in the bottom section of her areca basket. [Question.] My wife didn't know. I never told her. If she had known we should have fought.

Later when my wife was with me at the market place, I called my wife and gave her the present this woman had given me. Then this woman knew I now had a wife, and she thought it better not to give me anything any more. Her husband was as black as Malelaka.

X 159 584 After I had come back from Awasi, I went to gather betel from a vine that grew on a big tree near Lawatika. As I was getting it, Fungalani, a tall woman from Lawatika [not his wife, who was also named Fungalani], called to me and said to bring her the betel basket. I said I had to get back to my village, but she said, "No, come to me first." So I went, and she took all the areca she had in the bottom of her basket, a lot of it, and gave it to me. I asked why she gave it to me. She answered that they had much areca. So I said, "Let us chew if there is lime." She said there was a lot of it, so we chewed together. When we finished chewing she said, "Alurkowani has four mokos, and he has sent word that he wants to marry me, but I do not want to." I said, "You had better marry him. He is a good man and he has four mokos. That is lucky." She said, "If I marry that man, where will you run? I had better marry you." I said, "Oh, you are older than I. Your father is a great-uncle of mine. You are my mother." But she said, "Oh, it is bad to follow one penis and vagina [i.e., for brothers and sisters to marry], but when parents are siblings, that is good [not true ethnologically]. We must marry. It may not be otherwise. I don't want to go to a distant village." I said, "You had better go and get wood and save it here. [When a woman fetches wood, it is a sign of her willingness to marry a man.] I have only one moko. But you had better bring wood to my house." She said, "Yes, but first we must finish harvesting the corn." That night I was slow to sleep with her, and she said to me, "Are you afraid of my high ladder and large door [i.e., of the wealth represented by the lineage house in which she lived]?" I said, "Oh, I have a tall